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Demosthenes, which we have already characterized as the most admirable translation with which we are acquainted, together with the two wars of Sallust. We think it right to mention, that Mr. Leland was a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and not of Cambridge, as we observe certain of the English newspaper critics suppose. We cannot say much in praise of the translation given in this work of Sallust, which is by William Rose, A.M., with improvements and notes. It is generally bald and sometimes erroneous. We really never have paid much attention to translations of the classics, preferring to derive our knowledge from the higher and purer fountains, and the only English Sallust with which we can compare this of Mr. Rose's, is that of our excellent friend, Sir Henry Stuart, which we made a conscience of dipping into, before we ventured to visit Allanton. Whether a better translation than Rose's already exists, we cannot certainly determine, but if not, a new one ought to have been prepared for the present work. This second volume is embellished with two finely engraved heads of Demosthenes and Sallust.

*Ireland and the Remedy for her Evils.* By a Clergyman of the Established Church. Dublin, W. Curry, Jun. and Co.

THE remedy proposed for the evils of Ireland in this pamphlet, is the energetic extension of the Protestant Reformation by systematic courses of preaching, the institution of a Protestant College de propagandâ fide, and other such means, as it is to the prevalence of popery that the author attributes all the existing defects. He likewise proposes, that a provision should be made for such of the Roman Catholic clergy as may be induced to forsake the error of their ways, and censures his own brethren of the cloth, somewhat sharply, for their supineness in the cause of Protestantism.

In one of his recommendations we most cordially concur, namely, that all ridicule and satire should be carefully excluded from the discourses of the clergy, and that they should labour to impress upon their hearers, that the intention is not to proselytize but to instruct, and that it is not the being called Protestant or Catholic, or Methodist, that will avail them in the great and dreadful day, but believing and doing as our blessed Redeemer has enjoined.

We have long held that uncharitableness of heart, and bitterness of speech, are the great bane of society in Ireland; if Protestants would sometimes take up the Bible to examine and tell their Roman Catholic brethren in how many essential doctrines we are all agreed, it might be almost as useful as dwelling wholly on the points in which we differ; not that we by any means think these few or unimportant, but we see no use in harping always on the jarring string.

The author thinks more favourably of the friendship of the Methodists to the church establishment than our experience would justify us in doing.

*Hamilton on Duelling.* With Anecdotes and Cases, &c.—Hatchard and Sons, London.

No one can doubt the benevolent and amiable intention of the author of this little work, which is designed to bring the Gothic practice of duelling into disrepute. Among barbarians, it may perhaps, be a step towards civilization, to redress personal grievances by single combat, but, in ci-

vilized society, it can be considered only as a remnant of barbarism. If, in this, and in all other questions of conduct, men had good sense enough to apply to their actions the simple and only true test of rectitude—namely, the question—"What is the revealed will of God in this matter?" we should have no occasion for a code of honor, to direct the conduct of principals and seconds.

*Correspondence between the Lord Bishop of Ferns, and the Earl of Mountcashel, on the Church Establishment.*—Dublin, W. Curry, Jun. and Co.

WE are glad to see this curious and important correspondence in a collected and authentic shape, and we like it the better that it contains simply the letters arranged in order, without any comment or observation upon their contents. An account of the proceedings at the meeting in Cork, out of which the correspondence arose, is very properly prefixed to the pamphlet.

#### NOTES FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF A RAMBLER No. II.

The Rhine—Bonn—Drachenfels—Cassel, &c.

Know ye the land where the broad Rhine is flowing,  
In circling eddies the valleys along—  
Where on high from each cliff with the purple grape  
glowing,  
Re-echoes the sound of the vigneron's song.

I have gazed on that stream from the Drachenfels  
height,  
And traced its bright current through many a glen,  
And have thought mid the fast falling shadows of  
night,  
I ne'er should look on it so glorious again.

It is not my intention most sagacious reader, to give you in these my notes, any of the information to be obtained in "guide books," tours, and the hoc genus omne of these publications: this would be a track at once too beaten, and too extensive. It is rather my wish to present you, with a personal narrative, never omitting when occasion offers to correct the errors of my predecessors, and at the same time, not forgetting that the really useful information to a traveller, (and such you are or will be, I doubt not) should be conveyed as tersely and laconically as possible, and to begin with a maxim, never keep what is called a Journal of your travels: by this I mean that you are not to spend your mornings in the measurement of a cathedral, or the investigation of the history of a picture, and devote your evenings to a neat small-hand description of either, for the benefit of your lady acquaintance on your return: my advice is rather to make mems. of the pleasant places you have visited, the gay fellows with whom secundum O'Dogherty you may have dined and got drunk, of course recollecting the pretty partners with whom you have waltzed or galopaded, and thus weaving the thread of your adventures into the broad web of your travelling excursion.

But example is much better than precept, and to begin, there was little inducement to remain in Cologne when the festival was over: so that having secured places in the steam boat for Bonn, we took our last look at the cathedral by moon-light, and retired to our beds. On the next morning, I was awake by the most diabolical war-whoop that can be conceived, and on looking out from my window, discovered the cause of my alarm to be a cow's

horn blown by a person, who might from the length and strength of his blast, have been one of the performers at Jericho—this I found afterwards was an emissary from the steam boat: come to inform us, that she was ready to depart, and would be under weigh in a few moments, there was no time to be lost, so that after dressing rapidly, we soon found ourselves seated upon the deck: the air was calm, and still, not a breeze ruffled the broad surface of the Rhine, which lay like a mirror before us, reflecting the tapered minarets, and richly ornamented dome of the cathedral, which glistening under the morning dew, shone like a vast globe of gold.

From the moment we left Cologne, the scenery began to improve, and near Bonn became really beautiful. The Rhine, from the bold and frequent winding course it takes, presents the appearance of a succession of small lakes bounded by lofty vine-clad mountains, bristling with tower and keep; while below, are seen opening glens, through which small streams rush on, bearing their tribute to the father of rivers. The villages have generally a most picturesque effect, as they rise steep above street, upon the steep mountain sides, their white walls scarcely visible amid the trelliced vines: and now as we passed along, we could plainly hear the songs of the peasant, breaking on the soft stillness of the summer's morning. After a four hours delightful voyage, we reached Bonn, to breakfast. The town itself has nothing remarkable, except its situation in the valley of the Rhine, and its being the seat of the second in rank among the Prussian Universities; it was established on the model of that of Berlin, so lately as 1818, and except the University of Munich is the most modern of Germany. As early as the year 1777, we find an academy existing here, and in 1786 this became a chartered University, of which however, at the conclusion of the French revolutionary war, no trace was left, the number of students, about one thousand, and the names of the two Schlegels, Niebuhr and Walther, (one of the first anatomists of Europe) attest sufficiently its present prosperity. The cabinet of Natural History at Poppelsdorf is justly celebrated, and the collection of petrefactions is well known to the scientific world, by the valuable work of Professor von Goldfuss entitled:—

"Petrefacta Musei Univ. Bonuensis," &c. &c. the library contains about 60,000 volumes, and includes a most remarkable cabinet of diplomatic seals and records, the botanical garden, which occupies upwards of nineteen acres is considered one of the finest in Germany; we spent the entire of the first three days, visiting collections, museums, libraries, &c. &c., and although Professor Goldfuss, our cicero, is a very worthy well informed gentleman, yet I have no mind to make you more intimately acquainted, so that I shall at once invite you to sip your coffee with us in the garden of the University; here all is gaiety, life, and animation, the militaires are seen mixing with the townfolk, and no longer is there any distance kept up between professor and student; the garden, was in older time the pleasure ground of a palace, once the residence of the Churfurst of Cologne, and still preserves much of its ancient beauty: the trees for the most part of foreign growth, and formed into long shady avenues, or dark sunless bowers, in each of which might now be seen some happy family party enjoying their coffee, the ladies assiduously occupied knitting,